

# THE BEAUFORT REPUBLICAN.

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO POLITICS, LITERATURE AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE. OUR MOTTO IS—TRUTH WITHOUT FEAR.

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## The Old Man by the Brook.

Down to the vale this water steers; how merrily it goes!

'Twill murmur on a thousand years, and flow as now it flows.

And here, on this delightful day, I cannot choose but think

How oft, a vigorous man, I lay beside this fountain's brink.

My eyes are filled with childish tears; my heart is idly stirred;

For the same sound is in my ears that in those days I heard.

—WORDSWORTH.

## HOW HE FAILED.

Not so Bad After All.

David Popham owned a big house up town, and David Popham was rich. He had come to the city a poor boy, and had worked his way up by his own industry, perseverance, and vim. He had been fortunate, too; not perversely fortunate, as some men are, but legitimately and honestly fortunate. Of his own accord, and in answer to his own tastes, he would never have bought the big house up town; but his wife was bent upon it, and he was forced to please his wife. When we say he was forced, we mean that his own love forced him—his love for domestic peace.

David Popham had three daughters, who were very pretty, and very good, and they loved their dear old papa extremely.

Of course, Mrs. Popham trained her daughters. Mrs. P. had become a woman of society, and she wished that her daughters should become women of society. What it cost Mr. P. to sustain his share of this work we will not say. He groaned sometimes, but held his peace.

Another thing troubled David Popham. As his daughters grew up, bright-eyed young gentlemen gathered about him, and it was apparent that Mrs. Popham was on the path of brilliant matches.

"I think Alexander de Costa Vega is smitten with our Lydia," she said to her husband one day.

"Alexander de Costa Vega is a spendthrift and a numskull," answered David, with disgust.

"You're a brute!" was Mrs. P.'s mild rejoinder. "The Vegas are of our wealthiest and best; and Alexander is heir of a grand estate."

"In chancery," said David, sotto voce.

"What did you say, Mr. P.?"

"I merely remarked, my dear, that he had his chances."

"And let me tell you that his chances are better than I have no doubt that you would like to see our sweet girls married to clodhoppers!"

"If we could find such a clodhopper as you were content to marry five-and-twenty years ago—"

"Oh! Mr. P., you are perfectly frightful!"

And under this shot David crawled away, and went down to his office on Wall Street.

But a change was at hand—a change sad and dark. Mrs. Popham could not stand the wear and tear of the life she had adopted. The continuous round of high-living, late suppers, and dissipation, was too much for her, and she gave in, as hundreds of others are giving in every year.

And thus it came that at the age of fifty David Popham was left a widower with three grown-up daughters. Of these daughters Lydia was twenty-two, Melitabel (usually called Hittie) was twenty, and Susan was eighteen. And they were, at heart, good girls; and furthermore, they were good-looking. Lydia might have been married had not an unexpected obstacle arisen in her pathway. When Alexander de Costa Vega had been accepted by the mother, and blushing referred to papa by the daughter, the hard-hearted father had simply referred to the gay and festive applicant.

"Alexander de Costa Vega, you may have my daughter; but, as sure as there is a heaven above us, if she marries you neither you nor she shall ever touch one dollar of my money!"

The gallant adventurer had believed David, and had not further pressed his suit.

When the season of bitter grief was passed, and friends could with propriety leave flowers upon the sidewalk of the mansion, sunshine once more entered the household. Lydia and Melitabel assumed the management of affairs, and hired two new servants. Very shortly gay cavaliers chased away the gloom, and gaily chanting troubadours made the hours endurable. Lydia and Melitabel and Susan had not been educated by their mother in vain. Their drawing-rooms were the theatre of gay scenes, and the very cream of society (David Popham called it the "scum," the brute!) affected the companionship of the three graces—joint heiresses of David P.

And what did David Popham all this time? There was but one thing left for him to do. He pitched into business with a deeper rush than ever, and he turned up a new half-million in less than six months.

But a new turn of the wheel was coming.

John Bosse appeared upon the street with the stock of the Hamtown Mining and Manufacturing Company for sale, and David Popham bit hugely.

And Philander Scroggie came upon the street with the stock of the Deep-Bottom Copper Mining Company, and David Popham snapped at this.

"My dear sir," Philander Petunia, a very pink of the cream, who was particularly intimate with Melitabel, and who kept a pair of horses, and belonged to the Club,—"My dear Mr. Popham, may I venture?"

"Go ahead."

"I have made inquiries, sir, concerning this Scroggie, and it is the general impression on the street that his copper mine is all moonshine."

"Moonshine, or goldshine,—let those shine who win," said David, and went his way.

But the very capstone of all the golden prospects held out that season was afforded by the Pawnee and Flatfoot Silver Lode of Neverdie Peak, Colorado.

David Popham went into this up to his ears—then over his head—went into it all over.

By and by came mutterings of disaster. The Hamtown Mining and Manufacturing Company had been looked for, and had not been found. The only responsible member of the company known on 'Change was David Popham.

Another mutter as it came to light that the Deep-Bottom Copper Mine had never had any bottom at all. Its only depth was its profundity of non-existence.

But the climax of disaster came with the falling through of the Pawnee and Flatfoot Silver Lode.

That was one climax—the business climax. Another climax came when the sheriff placed a keeper in David Popham's big house up town, and advertised David Popham's house and furniture at "sheriff's sale!"

What a crash it was!

David Popham came home, and found his three daughters weeping.

"We must take a smaller house down town," he said. "My darlings we must take a very small house."

Three days later Lydia, speaking for all three, asked papa if he could not get a house out in the country.

"We cannot stand the slight that is put upon us. All our friends have cut us."

"You mean," suggested papa, "that your acquaintances have cut you. You have not been making true friends."

"My dear children," resumed David, brushing his eyes, "I'll make a short story of it. The 'Hamtown,' and the 'Deep Bottom,' and the 'Pawnee and Flatfoot,' were my own companies. John Bosse and Philander Scroggie were myths, and the corporations were all dummies of my own creation and manipulation."

"Father!"

"I never invested a dollar in any such stock."

"And you did not speculate?"

"Not ruinously. I speculated, my darlings, but the speculation has turned out grandly. I made an investment for the moral and physical health of my beloved children; and how that has repaid you know very well. As for the old fortune, it has been growing in spite of me; and much of my property is still in New York. And now, my loved ones, will you take the mills and the broad river acres, with your father to keep you company and aid you, or would you prefer to return to the great city?"

They understood their father's sacrifice in their behalf very well; and when they had looked upon the husbands whom they loved, and had embraced and kissed their dear devoted father, they authorized Lydia to speak for them; and she said:

"We will accept of the mills, and the broad river acres, with the companionship of our dear father; and we will be happier than we have ever been, seeking to make the most of the healthful and expanding life into which he has led us."

Ledger.

**The Strawberry Dance.**

An annual Strawberry Dance is celebrated by the Onondagas. When the strawberries first begin to ripen, according to their pagan idea, a dance must be given to the Great Spirit for the return of fruit. The women go to the neighboring hills and gather the wild berries. The next morning the big succ